

THE ARCH OF TITUS—TOU*IST.
AND GUIDE.

"Good sir, thou dost me order
To lead thee through this border
To view this very place.
But through this archway Roman
With free will passeth no man
Of all my suffering race."

"See with its decoration,
This arch derides my nation.
By Titus scorched and sland
It pictures his achievements
And all of our bereavements.
Its sight fills me with pain."

"Then, sir, do not command me—
Indeed I would withstand thee.
As all of Israel must!
Alone go through the gateway.
While I around and straight way
Will meet thee, safe, I trust."

"My faithful guide, know thy way
Is parallel with my way."
I forthwith made remark.
"I hate the chariot's gory,
But love Judaea's glory.
The candlestick and ark."

Whereat he gazed in wonder
Upon my face, and under
His eyelids teardrops stole.
He touched my hand then quickly.
Half dolefully, half meekly,
And said, "Sch'ma Yisroel!"

Of course my tears descended,
While I the greeting ended.
"Adonai Echod!"
Around the archway turning,
The past within us burping,
"Jehovah is our God."

—American Hebrew.

CATCHING A TRAIN.

It was my first day on the wheat
prairie of North Dakota. I had left Fargo
at 5 o'clock in the morning on one of
the two daily trains westward and had
stopped at Castleton, 20 miles from
the "Phenix City of the Northwest."
Thence I had tramped back across the
prairie two miles to see the Dalrymple
farm, the greatest in the world, 30,000
acres under cultivation. By 9 o'clock in
the morning I had seen all there was to
be seen in the process of thrashing and
so retraced my steps to Castleton.

At the station I was informed that the
next means of getting back to Fargo
was by a freight train leaving at about
3 o'clock.

There are no art galleries or cathedrals
in Castleton. There are a dozen or
two stores and a hotel. I entered the
hotel with the air of abandon and general
superintendence usually ascribed to
commercial travelers, sat down in the
office and picked up day before yesterday's
St. Paul paper. An old man with
white whiskers sat in the sun reading
the day before that paper. He was
evidently a pioneer, who had so long
been away from the more civilized re-
gions that he lagged a little in the his-
tory of the world. However, I was glad
to see one guest at least in the hotel
among the wheatfields.

By way of introducing myself to the
old gentleman I cracked a few jokes on
the sloppiness of the town and the dingi-
ness of the hotel, but a little later real-
ized that my remarks were ill directed.

Learning that he was proprietor of the
establishment, "Never mind," thought
I, "it will be all right if I take dinner
here." The old gentleman's face showed
an animated interest as he informed me,
in response to a question, that dinner
would be served at half past 12.

I was now wearied of reading stale
news, so went out and took a five min-
utes' walk to the end of the main street
and back. Next I bought a novel and
went out upon the prairie and spent a
couple of hours reading. Killing time
in a Dakota town I found not to be so
exciting as the same occupation in Chi-
cago or London. About noon I wandered
back to town and got stranded on some
California fruit at a store. I filled my-
self so completely with grapes and
peaches that I never once thought of
dinner at the hotel. The old landlord
must have been grievously disappointed,
but I did not see him again.

I talked with the clerk in the store,
read some more and cursed the Northern
Pacific until nearly 2 o'clock. Then I
sauntered over to the station, and after
waiting a half hour for the train in-
quired of the station agent as to what
time I could get away.

He replied, "Not until the 4 o'clock
through freight comes." The 2 o'clock
was a way freight and had been de-
layed, he explained.

I moralized on the inconveniences of
travel in a new section of the country
and set about using up another two
hours. I found that I had somehow got
some spots of wheel grease on my clothes
and managed to spend a comparatively
pleasant hour scrubbing out the spots
with naphtha at the town drug store.
Then I read some more.

At 4 o'clock I went over to the station
again and finally plucked up courage to
ask the rather irritable agent about the
train. He deigned to tell me, as if tired
of seeing me around, that the train
wouldn't be along until 5. Now I had a
companion in my misery, for a lady,
with two little girls, was waiting for the
next train to Fargo.

Our common annoyances served to
introduce us, and we talked of the har-
vesting and so on, I deriving some in-
formation, as she was a resident of the
region. At 5 o'clock the train was not
in sight, and the station man positively
refused to know anything or to have any
opinion as to the prospect of our getting
away. I offered the lady my book and
sat and reflected on the happiness of life
in that section, getting up occasionally
to look out upon the flat prairie to see if
the train had yet risen above the hori-
zon. There was nothing but the two
rails stretching away till they converged
into one, and then that was lost to the
eye.

Once in awhile the lady and the little
girls got up to look. Finally she an-
nounced that she could see smoke in the
distance. My eyes were not so good,
but we watched eagerly, and after some
minutes I acknowledged with great
pleasure that she was right. We watched
the smoke solidify into a train, which
grew larger and larger until at last it
rolled along, and at precisely 6 o'clock
the engine came to a standstill a few
feet beyond the station on a side track.
The caboose intended for passengers

was, of course, at the rear end of the
train and seemingly a quarter of a mile
away.

By this time several men and boys
had gathered on the scene, apparently
wishing to go to Fargo. No one seemed
to want to walk away back to the ca-
boose, and every one was very anxious
not to get left. At this moment another
freight train, hitherto unnoticed, came
booming along on the main track.
Things were getting muddled. Would
the second train stop? Would the first
pull up to the station to accommodate
those who wished to enter the caboose?

I interrogated the engineer of train
No. 1. "Ask the conductor. I don't
know," he yelled. Then he relented and
said, "The other train is the one you
want." Train No. 2 had rolled along by
the station and was now coming to a
standstill a hundred yards away.

I found the lady with the little girls.
Said I, "We must take the other train."
Some of the men and boys now started
briskly to walk in the direction of the
train, which was away beyond on the
main line.

"Let me take a satchel," said I chiv-
alrously as I grabbed one of her two
enormous traveling bags and started for
the train, followed by the lady, the lit-
tle girls and the remaining men and
boys. The train, as I said, was a hun-
dred yards away. We thought of the
nine long hours we had waited for that
train, and goaded by the fear of a
longer stay in Castleton we struck out
at a lively pace toward the caboose.

Two-thirds of the distance had been
accomplished, and I was striding along
with the great piece of luggage banging
against my legs at every step, when the
train commenced to move away, slowly,
now.

"Run!" I shouted. The men ahead of
us were already on the run.

The lady began to scamper, holding
the 3-year-old by one hand, carrying in
the other her satchel and followed by
the 11-year-old, who brought up the rear.
We gained, but not fast enough.

"Let me have the child," I cried, and
grabbing up the little one under my arm
I began the chase anew, with the big
satchel still in one hand and making
me go hippity hop by its joltings.

Women were not made to run. Yet
the lady was doing well. The train was
getting some headway. I dashed along
with my awkward burdens and in a few
moments reached the steps of the mov-
ing caboose, swung the child up into the
arms of one of the men who had caught
the train, threw my other charge, the
strange lady's satchel, upon the plat-
form and jumped aboard.

Glorious! I was on my way to Fargo at
last. But how about the lady? She was
now 20 feet behind and only holding her
own.

"Hurry!"
But she was puffing—out of breath—
and began to lag behind. The 5-year-old
on the caboose was dazed. The 11-year-
old back with her mother on the rail-
road ties took in the situation and set
up a howl to see me, the strange man,
on board an eastern bound train with
her little sister and her mother's lug-
gage.

The train was moving even faster.
There was but one thing to do. I leaped
to the ground, caught the little girl as
she was almost thrown to me by a kind-
ly passenger, set her on the ground,
then ran for the train, clutched the huge
satchel, planted that on the ties and
finally by good sprinting caught up with
the caboose and swung myself aboard.

I had done all I could for the poor
lady. It was sad to see her left behind
after waiting all day for the train. She
must now take her chances of getting
into Fargo tonight by means of the way
freight now standing at Castleton. Thus
I reflected as I stood on the rear end of
the caboose and looked at the forlorn
trio standing on the track in the midst
of their luggage, gazing after the reced-
ing train.

Then came jolt, jolt, jolt! It was
down brakes! I clung to the guard rail
to prevent myself from being thrown off.
Quickly the train came to a full stop
and didn't move for five minutes, dur-
ing which time the lady and the little
girls got aboard, together with a little
fat man and two boys, who had also
been distanced in the race. Then the
train steamed back to the station and
waited a half hour.

I wiped the perspiration from my
flushed face, inwardly damned the rail-
road and rode the 20 miles on the out-
side platform of the caboose. We got to
Fargo at a quarter past 7.—Charles Tay-
lor Tatman in Budget.

"The Lamb Gourd."

The Duke of Holstein, in his "Travels
in Muscovy and Persia" (1636), gives
a full account of a wonderful vegetable
growing in the neighborhood of the city
of Samara, Russia, and known as the
"lamb or sheep gourd." The duke says:
"It most resembles a lamb in all its
members and on that account is called
'the lamb gourd.' It changes place
in growing as far as the vine or stalk
will reach, and wherever it turns the
grass withers. When it ripens, the stalk
withers, and the outward rind is covered
with a kind of hair, which the Musco-
vites use instead of fur. They showed
us some of these skins, which were cov-
ered with soft wool, not unlike that of
a lamb newly weaned."

Sealiger also speaks of the "lamb
gourd" in his works. In one chapter he
says that the queer vegetable continues
to grow as long as grass is plentiful,
but that when the grass falls the "pore
creetyr dyes frome lac of nourishment."
He also says that the wolf is the only
animal that will feed upon it.—St.
Louis Republic.

The Old Novel and the New.

"What is the difference between the
old novel and the new?" I am asked.
Here is a sentence which will just answer
the question: In the old fiction they
marry in the last chapter and live hap-
pily ever afterward; in the new they
marry in the first chapter and live un-
happily ever afterward.—London Mil-
lion.

Lost Her Hand, but Saved Her Life.
Mrs. Edward Myers of Athens, N. Y.,
had been treated for months in the
usual way for erysipelas, without bene-
fit. Her hand had become a mass of
putrid flesh, the blood so poisoned
that her life was despaired of. At this
critical time Mrs. Myers sought the ad-
vice of Dr. David Kennedy, discoverer
of Favorite Remedy. Dr. Kennedy
found it impossible to save the hand, so
he amputated the same, then gave her
Favorite Remedy, which drove the
poisonous disease out of her system and
cleansed the blood, thus saving her
life.

Had Favorite Remedy been used
earlier in the development of erysip-
elas, Mrs. Myers would have saved her
hand. The worst cases of eczema, salt
rheum, and scrofula yield to Favorite
Remedy. It is endorsed and prescribed
by the medical profession.—Add.

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